

The Charlotte Journal.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
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"Perpetual Vigilance is the Price of Liberty," for "Power is always Stealing from the Many to the Few."

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Compromise in the South.

From various parts of the South we perceive a disposition to accept the Compromise. No one pretends that it yields to the South all we could wish. If it did, it could no longer be regarded as a compromise. We extract some remarks upon this subject from the *Swanwick Republican*, which, it will be seen, expresses the belief that Georgia may be set down as a *Compromise State*:

"A SIMPLE CALCULATION.—The Committee of the Committee of Thirteen proposes to admit California, one free State, and four States from the Texas territory, which will have slave States. Is it for the North or the South to complain of this arrangement? We get four States—they get one."

"The Compromise further proposes to suppress the slave traffic by speculators in the District of Columbia—a thing of but little consequence to us, and which has been done by nearly, if not all, of the Southern States within their own limits—and to provide more effectually for the capture of fugitive slaves, or for the compensation of their owners. Here we make an insignificant concession, and receive in return the guaranty of the Government for the suppression of escapes and kidnapping, by which our people in the border States lose hundreds of slaves annually. Does it become us to denounce this part of the compromise?"

"And lastly, in regard to the subject of slavery—the compromise condemns the Wilcox Provision, and proposes to give territorial governments to Utah and New Mexico without any restriction as to slavery. This is what the South has been fighting for ever since the anti-slavery ordinance of 1787; and now that we have offered to us the very thing for which we have been contending, shall we reject it? Do we claim rights simply that we may spurn them when they are within our grasp?"

"Such is the Committee's compromise, stripped of all extraneous matter. Shall we receive it, or reject it? That is the question. Does it contain more of good, or more of evil? It should be remembered that it is a *Compromise*—an arrangement which requires all parties to it, the South and the people of Georgia, as well as the North and the people of Massachusetts, to make concessions. We believe that we are right. The North believe that they are right. And though we feel that our claims are just; yet, as the North does not feel with us, is it not asking too much of human nature, to say nothing of its prejudices, to require them to yield everything to our demands? South Carolina would answer no—the very reason why we would answer yes. Every paper in that State that we have seen or heard from—with one glorious exception, the *Charleston Courier*—denounces the compromise. They insist upon 'the pound of flesh.' But it is a matter of gratification that they will be able to produce no impression elsewhere. We notice with pride that the strongest and ablest Democratic paper in Georgia, the *Augusta Constitutionalist*, though opposed to some parts of the compromise, is inclined to receive it as a whole. Others will follow the lead of the *Constitutionalist*. But two papers in this State thus far have taken ground against it—the *Macon Telegraph* and the *Augusta Republic*.

"Indeed Georgia may be set down as a *Compromise State*. That is our judgment; and when the people and the press shall have had time to be heard, it will be affirmed. They are sick of the agitation with which the country is convulsed. They desire to see harmony and concord restored; and to that end they will hold those to a terrible responsibility who prolong the excitement and thwart the business of legislation. Thus far Congress has done scarcely any thing, but to increase the apprehension of the people for the safety of the Union. Indeed, it were better that it had not met at all, so far as any good it has accomplished is concerned. Shall the public business be further suspended for purposes of agitation? Shall we never have peace? We trust the people will speak out and recall members of Congress to their duty."

SINGULAR TRANCE.

At the village of Farrington, situated about nine miles from Bristol, on the road to Wells, a young woman named Ann Cromer, the daughter of a master mason, now lies in a state of catatony, in which extraordinary trance-like condition, should she survive till next November, she will have been for no less than 13 years. During the whole of this extended period she has not partaken of any solid food, and the vital principle has only been sustained by the mechanical administration of fluids. Although of course reduced to almost a perfect skeleton, her countenance bears a very placid expression. Her respiration is perceptible, her hands warm, and she has some indication of extant consciousness. Upon one occasion, when asked if suffering from pain to squeeze the hand of her mother, placed in hers for that purpose, a slight pressure, the mother avers, was plainly distinguishable; and frequently, when suffering from cramp, she has been heard to make slight moans. About 16 weeks after the commencement of her trance she was seized with the lock jaw, which occasioned great difficulty in affording nourishment. The unfortunate young woman is 25 years of age, and has been visited by a great number of medical gentlemen, who, however, hold out no hopes of her ultimate recovery.—*English Paper.*

Scene in Annapolis.

ANAPOLIS, Md., June, 1850—1, P. M.

I had rambled about during the morning, admiring the venerable buildings and beautiful gardens of this ancient metropolis, until at length I entered the State House, where I found the doors of the Senate chamber thrown open. I walked in, and finding the chamber tenacious and profound silence reigning, I took a seat and began to ruminate upon the many soul stirring scenes which had here taken place. Busy retrospection carried me back to the early days of our beloved country. It was here the great and good Washington, having gloriously achieved his country's freedom, surrendered his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the American army—and, in the midst of the unbroken silence, I could not but feel the sacred influence of his pure and patriotic spirit.

My quiet reverie was startled by the discharge of heavy artillery, and turning from the post, I sprang to my feet, suddenly awakened to a sense of the present. The sound of many voices increased my surprise. "They're coming," was repeated, y exclaimed, and several persons hurried into the chamber. Addressing myself to one of the foremost, I said, "who are coming?"—"Who," replied the person addressed, "who—Henry Clay, of Kentucky, Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, Mr. Dickinson of New York, Mr. Dawson of Ga., Senator Pratt, and the Mayor; and before I could say more, the room was crowded with people, the distinguished individuals named standing in the midst of them. This, to me, was a new and unexpected scene. I had not heard of the Senators being in Annapolis, and to see them, under the circumstances, and in the particular place in which they were now standing, was to me a most agreeable surprise. The occasion of their visit and appearance at the Senate chamber may best be collected from what took place, in describing which I shall give you, as faithfully as I can, the language of some of these individuals.

From the midst of a circle of gentlemen immediately in front of the chair of the President of the Senate, gracefully stepped forth a young man. I was told it was Dr. Claude. He appeared to be somewhat agitated, but said, with a very proper and gentlemanly manner, addressing himself to Mr. Clay:

"Sir, I am unaccustomed to speaking in public, and, therefore, find it difficult to express what I feel—what I know is felt by those in whose behalf I address you. I am here, sir, as the Mayor of this city, and in behalf of its citizens, most cordially to tender to you and your distinguished associates, the heartfelt welcome of the people of Annapolis and the kindest and warmest hospitalities. Personally, this is to me a most pleasing duty, and it is rendered the more so, from knowing that, irrespective of all party considerations, the duty I am now performing is an homage paid to American patriotism and virtue, nobly exercised in relation to the adjustment of a question inseparably connected with the perpetuity and glory of the Union. I again say, you and your associates are most heartily welcome to the city of Annapolis."

A burst of acclamation and cheers broke forth from the audience, at the ceasing of which Mr. Clay, in his fine, deep-toned voice, most gracefully said:

"Mr. Mayor—Neither myself nor my associates could have anticipated the high honor now conferred upon us. This public reception is entirely unexpected—a much lamented occurrence occasioned an adjournment of the Senate, and myself and companions availing ourselves of the kind invitation of Gov. Pratt, your Senator, whose guests we are, determined on visiting these scenes, hallowed by many interesting recollections and sacred historical associations. We are as you are aware, fresh from a busy scene—from a different theatre—one requiring activity, energy, and forbearance; and in coming here did not come under the impression that an occasion for such like speech-making could possibly arise. We find ourselves, however, in this chamber, consecrated by the glorious past, surrounded by the good people of this ancient city, and your Mayor, publicly tendering to us, in the kindest manner, a heartfelt welcome and the rites of hospitality—it becomes me, therefore, to say how deeply sensible I feel the proffered kindness and the manner in which it has been tendered, especially as you have thought proper to associate it with the discharge of duties which you deem preservative of our glorious Union. I have said, sir, that we are not here for the purpose of making speeches—but in the midst of this scene—here, where the venerated Washington breathed upon the Union of which you have spoken, the pure spirit which at all times characterized his devotion to his country—that spirit was not breathed in vain—it exists and is felt in every part of our beloved country, and under its influence the Union, unbroken and without dishonor, shall be perpetuated to the remotest posterity, (triumphantly cheering and applause.) And, sir, it affords me pleasure to say, that in the good work of adjustment, conciliation and compromise, I have been aided and sustained by pa-

triotic men of all parties—those who call themselves democrats, with equal purity, devotion, and patriotism, have nobly come to the rescue, and placing a just estimate upon the Union, achieved and framed by revolutionary valor and wisdom, have alike determined upon its perpetual preservation.

Without making a speech, sir, I deem the occasion and the place not inappropriate to the uttering of a sentiment cherished by me, and deserving of being entertained by all men. It is this, and I assert it with great confidence, that that party, whether whig or democrat, which at the present time gives the greatest support to the peaceful adjustment of the difficult and delicate questions at present distracting the national councils, and seriously threatening to disturb the harmony of the Union, will be entitled to and most assuredly will receive the lasting confidence and gratitude of the country, (great and long continued applause.)

"We shall remain with you, sir, but a very short time. During our brief stay I have no doubt we shall greatly enjoy ourselves, but the pleasure of this visit will not terminate with it—it will be fraught with pleasant recollections, and when we have returned to the Senate again, to pursue the duty we owe the country, I have no doubt, sir, I shall feel cheered, invigorated and warmed, not only by the recollection of your personal kindness, but by the inspiration which the awakened spirit catches from such a scene as this."

I shall not attempt to describe the effect of the distinguished statesman's brief speech upon the audience. I question if there has ever been within that celebrated chamber a more enthusiastic burst of heart-felt rapture. The genuine love which every true American bears the Union—that is, the love he bears his country—sparkled in every face. Quiet being in some measure restored, a movement indicative of adjournment was made, but the audience would not permit it. A similar scene could not be witnessed every day, in unmistakable tones they insisted on hearing Mr. Foote. At length that gentleman came forward, and in his forcible and peculiar manner eloquently expressed his concurrence in the sentiments uttered by Mr. Clay. His remarks were brief, but exceedingly impressive, and well calculated to make the patriotic fire in every heart burn brighter.

Mr. Dickinson, of New York, was next called for, and briefly, but beautifully expressed his sense of the honor done him—his deep devotion to the Union, and ardent desire by every means in his power to promote the measures of adjustment suggested and advocated by Mr. Clay. His remarks elicited great applause, and I think truly deserved it.

We were next favored by Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, who earnestly desired to be excused, but whom the audience would not excuse, and for one I am very glad would not let off. Mr. D. is a pleasant speaker, and on this occasion was most happy in uttering sentiments which did honor to his head and his heart, and which justly received the highest approbation. The interesting scene was closed by eloquent and patriotic language from Ex-Governor Pratt, who in the most emphatic manner, expressed his determination to sustain as fully as he possibly could, the measures of Mr. Clay. The honorable Senator used the occasion to say, that although he had never questioned the inestimable advantages of the Union, he had, during Mr. Clay's advocacy of the measures of adjustment, suggested at the present session, become, if it were possible, more firmly than ever convinced that the Union was identical with the safety, prosperity, and glory of the country.—*Baltimore Sun.*

AN AWFUL TRICK.

A man, having the appearance of a countryman, and laden with a bundle of hay, entered one day last week, to fall through a pane of glass, value £30, which adorned the establishment of a large mercer in the Edgeware road, London. The shopkeeper quickly seized upon the fellow, who protested he had no money, and pleaded the weight of his load for an excuse. Two gentlemen, looked on, testified to their having watched the "stupid clown," and just before remarked that his gross carelessness would lead to some mischief; and they suggested that the "booby" should be searched. This was promptly done, and the production of a £50 note was the result. Vainly did the countryman, with tears in his eyes, proclaim the note to be his "masters" the proceeds of his journey to market. The mercer paid himself the £30, by giving the booby £30 in Bank of England notes, and retaining possession of the one found upon him. The wight said he would go and get a policeman, that he might "have the law" upon the shopkeeper, and left the premises; and the two gentlemen blandly took their leave, after congratulating the tradesman on the fortunate result which had attended their suggestion of a search. Of course the reader guesses the upshot—the £50 note was a forgery, and the whole proceeding a trick.—*London Globe.*

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

Advice to Young Ladies.

The editress of the Literary Gazette, Mrs. Lydia Jane Pearson, in article addressed to young ladies upon the subject of marriage, discourses as follows:

"Do not, as you value life and its comforts, marry a man who is naturally cruel. If he will wantonly torture a poor dumb dog, a cat, or even a snake, fly from him as you would the cholera. We would sooner see our daughter dying of cholera, than married to a cruel-hearted man. If his nature delights in torture, he will not spare his wife, or his helpless children. When we see a man practising cruelty on any poor helpless creature, or beating a fractious horse unmercifully, we write over against his name—devil, and shun him accordingly."

"We once knew a man, aye a gentleman, who, during a ride for pleasure, became so leonically enraged at his horse, which refused to go, that he sprang from his carriage, drew his knife and cut out an eye of the poor brute. The lady who accompanied him, and who suffered a long nervous illness, and will never recover from the horror the outrage gave her. And we know the young lady, who, knowing this of him, was foolish enough to become his wife. And we know how he tortured her. How he outraged all her feelings; how he delighted to destroy whatever she prized, or took pleasure in. How in his fits of passion he broke up her furniture, seized her by the shoulder and shook her till she could not crawl to bed; how he beat her; how he kept her poor babe black and blue with blows and pinched him until her parents took her home, and sheltered him from her cruelty."

"If you have a suitor whom you feel inclined to favor, look narrowly into the temper and disposition of the man. Love may soften it for a while, or it may induce him to restrain, or disguise it, but be assured, the natural temper will remain, and the time will come, when your presence will be no restraint upon him. We have heard wives complain, 'I was so deceived in my husband; men are so deceitful, &c.' But we believe in nine cases out of ten, these women deceived themselves. They suffered the romance of their own foolish heart to adore their lover with all the excellencies which their fancy attributed to a perfect manly character, and to draw a veil over all his vices and defects which if it did not conceal them, greatly softened or disguised their features."

"Men are not perfect—women are not perfect. In all cases, there must exist a necessity to bear and forbear, but it does not therefore follow that you should marry a bad man, knowing him to be a bad man. If you do so, you deserve chastisement; but a life-long misery is a terrible punishment. A bad man's wife must either live in a continual torment of fear, apprehension, and the bitter disappointment of her fruitless efforts to please; or she must become callous, cold, insensible to pain, and consequently to pleasure. Will you take upon yourselves either of these terrible alternatives? We hope not."

The Refert Courtious.

In the course of the debate on establishing Branch Mints at New York, San Francisco, and Charleston, Mr. Clay gave Mr. Benton the following courteous and gentle reminder of his inconsistency on the subject of uniting certain propositions in one bill:

Mr. Clay. It is not exactly to a point of order, Mr. President, that I rise; but I want to make a suggestion, rather for the ear of the Senator from Missouri. There is a proposition made for the establishment of a mint at New York, which I am very much inclined to favor, as far as my vote may go; but I believe the Senator from Missouri proposes to attach to it a provision for the establishment of a mint at San Francisco, and I am very much inclined to go for that measure. But let me suggest to the honorable Senator whether this would not be "tacking" (laughter.) and whether it would not be a violation of Parliamentary law to bring together two subjects of the same kind in this bill? Sir, will not the dignity of New York, or more likely the dignity of California, be affected by such a strange and unnatural and incongruous association? The one is a State—the proud "Empire State"; the other, I am sorry to say it, yet I am obliged to say it, is yet a Territory. There are some points of resemblance, it is true; but, at the same time, there are some points of discord. Now, sir, I do not mean to insist strenuously upon these incongruities, but I propose to the honorable Senator from Missouri, if he will waive all objection to the compromise bill, and the association which is contained in that bill of certain measures, I for one, will with pleasure waive all objection to the incongruity which seems to me to be rather apparent between the two measures now under consideration.

THE MINT—LIQUID GOLD.

The Philadelphia Bulletin states that on Tuesday last there was melted down and cast into ingots for rolling, in the meller and refiner's department of the Mint, about seven hundred thousand dollars worth of gold; and on the same day, of gold preparatory for assay, there was melted nearly one hundred thousand dollars more. The whole weight was about 3600 pounds; and if rolled into a sheet as thick as a half eagle, would yield 545 square feet.

WHO COMPOSED THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.

The New Orleans Delta gives the following list of officers of the Cuban Expedition:

The first Regiment which was organized and sent off, was that of Kentucky, (*De propaganda libertate*) This regiment left April 25. It was commanded by the following officers:

Colonel Theodore O'Hara, a Brevet Major of the United States Army, and late Major in the Commissary's Department; Lieut. Col. John F. Pickett, late United States Consul at Turk's Island; Maj. Thomas Theodore Hawkins, late of the United States Army, (16th Infantry); Capt. Hardy, (late of 21 Kentucky Volunteers); Lieut. (of the United States Army) Martin, (of the Volunteers); Winston, (late of the 16th Infantry); Lieut. Dean, Johnson, James, Knott, McGuffin, Titus, Hoey, and Woolfolk. This regiment consists of from three to four hundred strong—all Kentuckians.

The second Regiment was that of Louisiana, which left May 21. It is commanded by Col. C. R. Wheat, a member of the bar of this city, and formerly of Nashville. Col. Wheat was an officer in the Mexican war, and on the disbandment of his regiment, which was enlisted for twelve months, raised an independent corps which served through the campaign. Lieut. Col. W. H. Bell, a Mississippian, of the First Mississippi Volunteers, who had lost an arm at Buena Vista; Major J. R. Hayden; Adjutant F. F. Fisher; Surgeon—Stull; Assistant Surgeon A. A. Josephs; Quartermaster Thomas; Commissary J. D. R. McHenry; Captains Cuen, Henry, O. Foster, Hinton, McCormick, Colin, Brackridge, J. C. Davis, A. W. Marsh, Abner C. Steele, J. C. Howard; Lieutenants Duncan, R. Scott, McGunagle, Theodore Byrd, Donnet, E. L. Jones, Fuller, Parish, Morris, Faxon, Mitchell, Morgan, Saartain, and three hundred and fifty rank and file.

The last regiment which left this port was commanded by Colonel N. J. Bunch, formerly a member of Congress from Tennessee, with Peter Smith, son of Judge Packney Smith, of Mississippi, Major; Capt. A. M. Bell, McKewen, and others, all respectable gentlemen of Mississippi, whose names we have not been able to obtain in full.

Louis Napoleon has had a present from Timbuctoo, in the shape of a giraffe. The long-necked embodiment of "colored" friendship is to be exhibited to the Public, at the Jardin des Plantes, as soon as she (it is a female Timbuctoo) has recovered from the embarrassment of her introduction, in the simple costume of the Tropics in an unadorned President of a Republic. This is the fourth giraffe to the sight of which the Parisians have been treated, and, as three preceding ones have all died of lung complaints, the men of science are busy with comparative physiology, determined to see whether the evils of climate cannot be counteracted. The sex of the new subject of experiment has suggested the possibility of its being a matter of whim and imagination; and, among the precautions, they are determined to try the principle of

"There's no place like home."

The apartment of the African female is to be surrounded with Timbuctoo plants, and four negroes in the Timbuctoo costume are to aid the sweet illusion by being her exclusive attendants. If climate can be pictured and imagined, to a degree which will take the fret from the lungs, it is evident that an important step is taken toward a remedy for pulmonary home-sickness. Experiments have been successfully tried (it is stated among other precedents) on a New-Holland cow and a Scotch donkey-ess—the first having been restored to health by certain sounds to which she had been driven to pasture in the mountains of Van Diemen and the latter having fattened visibly when waited on by a Highlander with a kilt and naked knees. The theory is suggestive.—*Home Journal.*

UNBLUSHING IMPUDENCE AND MERITED PUNISHMENT.

Fred. Douglass, the impudent negro who has of late taken upon himself the privilege of abusing our country, its patriots, and Constitution, without having that chastisement which he so richly merited at the hands of our Republicans, who would not condescend to notice his blasphemies and negroism, had the audacity yesterday morning to walk down Broadway, the principle promenade in our city, with two white females resting on his arms. Several citizens, who noticed this disgraceful scene, followed him, and put him to flight. On observing that he was watched, the negro commenced laughing and sneering at the gentlemen who were behind him. One of them could not withstand the provoked and justifiable temptation to award to the negro that punishment which his daring rascality had subjected him to. The gentleman stepped up to him, and politely requested the females to leave their ebony companion and place themselves under the protection of a gentleman who was standing near by. The women very quietly did as they were desired to do, and then the indignant and insulted gentleman administered to the back of the negro a "dressing," that he will have occasion to remember some time hence. Maddened justice forgets the dictates of law in a case of this kind; and personally we can see no reason why it should not.—*N. Y. Globe.*

Why is the letter u a most uncertain letter? Because it is always in doubt.

And why is the letter u never in doubt? Because it is always in dubitate.

An Eloquent Passage.

The Pulpit on Disunion.

The following eloquent and patriotic sentiments were delivered before the Arch Street Presbyterian congregation, by the Rev. Charles Wadsworth, in his inaugural sermon:

Paul's principle, as set forth in the text, applies as well to the Civil, as the Social and Ecclesiastical. A christian minister, amid the partisanship of a community's politics, is to "know nothing save Christ Jesus and him crucified." His duties as a preacher are superinduced duties. As God's Ambassador he comes to men divided altogether of factious differences. To the sovereign and the slave—to the mighty man and the manial—to the creature lawing on the foot-cloth of a throne and the freeman standing proudly before kings in the glory of immortal manhood—to all alike, he comes, bearing the same flaming credentials of God's anger and God's love; standing in his high place of embassy he is not to lock on that the Holy Ghost will descend from Heaven to give point to a lesson of statesmanship, or power to an axiom of political economy. He is to look on man as a spirit whose nationality is but a degrading garment, a spirit winged for soaring to that high world, where men of all kingdoms and people are one in Christ. He is to forget all minor interests. He is to forget all human distinctions. He is to "let the dead bury their dead." He is to "know nothing save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Meanwhile we would not be misunderstood here. Far be it from us to bow before this most foul, yet favorite infidel clamor, whereby a Christian minister, by the imposition of Ecclesiastical hands, is held thereafter divested of all rights as a man and as a citizen; even under the shadow of the Cross, he will not—he may not—he cannot forget his country. Paul, amid the surpassing glories of a commonwealth like ours, would have cried with even more than his Roman exultation, "I am an American citizen." Our beloved land, with its boundaries the broadest—its government the freest—its institutions the noblest the world ever saw, is God's great gift to every man who breathes its blest air, and exults in its sunshine. And we be to that man whether Civilian or Ecclesiastic, who dare lay down at a fool's bidding his great birth right, or prove recreant to one of its ennobling prerogatives—who dare leave American liberty, as an unprized thing, to be marred by the hand of unskillful legislation, or wrecked amid the conflicts of self-seeking ambition—who dare fail in one little of all he can do to give steadfast strength to American name and American nationality.

God's pity on the creeping thing that can listen unmoved to the whisper of Disunion that rises even now upon the ear! Perish the heart that throbs not in agonizing desire that this glorious sisterhood be never broken! Palsied be the right arm that feels not its sinews tighten like steel to speed our soaring eagle in its flight to the sun! Stricken be the bosom that bares not itself in full strength to roll back this desolating surge that would sweep all these glad and goodly glorious things away as a wreck upon the billows!—Not know my country!—not honor my country!—not struggle for my country! Why then would I be a creature without soul, unworthy my ministry—unworthy my manhood.

Nay, nay—such political wisdom, I will know—I must know—because absolutely in it, I am to know Christ crucified. For, my audience, dear as to every American christian must be his country—dear, because of the prayers of its consecration, and the blood of its baptism—dear, because of its great breadth and mighty power, and glorious fame—the home of the free—the hope of the oppressed—the beacon to the nations—the cradle of that infant liberty, which yet, when its limbs shall have waxed strong, will leap from its swaddling bands in grand manhood, and go forth in a giant's path, to shake down the despots of a world in rushing omnipotence! Yet to his loving heart is it dearest of all, as the great instrument under God to bear on to its consummation his adorable Gospel! He sees Christ in American nationality! Christ, the God of all Providence, presiding and preserving it—as the great spring in the mechanism of a triumphing Evangel. And to him it seems that to sever this blessed Union, were to loose the silver chord of man's hope, and to break the great wheel at the cistern. And every christian minister will stand by the Union—and preach Christ and him crucified as the cement of the Union, till his right arm is withered, and his tongue dumb in death.

CHARCOAL MELTED.

The possibility of melting charcoal has at length been satisfactorily proved by the experiments of M. Despretz, of Paris. Up to the present time chemists have considered this an impossibility; M. Despretz, however, not only melts this refractory substance, but soldiers one piece to another, and even volatilizes it. The heat to effect this purpose is generated by a powerful galvanic battery; the light and heat evolved is so great that even in approaching it only for an instant there is danger of violent headache and pain in the eyes. To avoid this the operator conducts his experiments under the shade of thick blue glass. Platinum clippings, and other metals difficult to fuse, are readily converted into a solid mass. This will prove of great service in the arts, and we hope that he will be able to make diamonds, so as to destroy all the attributable value of these baubles.—*Scientific American.*